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THE PRAISES of *ISIS*;

A

POEM.

(Price One Shilling.)

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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By a Gentleman of CAMBRIDGE.

LONDON:

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY in *Pall-mall*;

And sold by M. COOPER in *Pater-noſter-Row*. 1755.

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A Poem in praiſe of Iſis written by one of Cambridge might perhaps lay the author of it open to be cenſur'd for a kind of ingratitude towards his Alma Mater, were he not to anticipate that cenſure by producing the reaſon for ſo doing: which was owing not to any want of reſpect for her, but to his acting from a maxim in modern politeneſs, which taught him to pay his compliments to a ſtranger, before he did it to one, with whom by relationſhip he was ſo intimately connected. With the reader's leave for the preſent he will only addreſs her in a quotation of a few lines from our Britiſh Ovid. *

O! mihi jucundum Grantæ ſuper omnia nomen!
O! penitùs toto corde receptus amor!
O ſacri fontes! et ſacræ vatibus umbræ!
Quas recreant avium Pieridumque chori:
O! pulcræ ſine luxu ædes, vitæque beatæ,
Splendida paupertas, ingenuuſque decor!
O cara ante alias magnorum nomine regum
Digna domus! Trini nomine digna Dei.

* Cowley's dedicatory epiſtle to the univerſity of Cambridge with his works.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A Poem in praise of Ips written by one of Cambridge might perhaps lay the author of it open to be censur'd for a kind of ingratitude towards his Alma Mater, were he not to anticipate that censure by producing the reason for so doing: which was, resting not to any want of respect for her, but to his being from a mistrust in modern politeness, which taught him to pay his compliments to a stranger, before he did it to one, with whom by relationship he was so intimately connected. With the reader's leave, for the present he will only add, that in a quotation of a few lines from our British Ovid. *

O! mihi jucundum Granta super omnia nomen!
O! peritus toto corde receptus amor!
O lacri fontes! et lacte vatibus undæ!
Quas recreant avium Pieridumque chori:
O! pulcræ linæ luxu sedes, virtuque beatæ,
Splendida pauperias, ingeniique decor!
O cara ante alias magnorum nomina regum
Digna domus! Trini nomine digna Dei.

* Cowley's dedicatory epistle to the university of Cambridge with his works.

THE PRAISES of *ISIS*; A POEM.

CASTALIAN goddeſs, come; nor ſlight the call
Of ſimpleſt bard; auſpicious come, and prompt
The flowing numbers: ſo may Iſis lend
Attentive ear well-pleas'd, nor with diſdain
Reject the wreath of freſheſt flow'rets cull'd
From Pindus' hill to deck her lovely brow.—
Begin; what Muſe to Iſis ſhall deny
The votive ſong? for Iſis loves the Muſe.—

Thee,

Thee, faireſt Naiad, oft at early dawn
I meditate, till Evening, matron ſtaid,
Her treſſes dripping with ambrofial dew,
Advance ſlow-pacing from the gilded Weſt:
Nor ceaſe I to reflect, how bleſt are they,
To envy bleſt, that in thy peaceful haunts
Hold pleaſing dalliance with the Muſes' train;
Yet tho' in other clime I reſt remote,
Ill-fated, that my wayward lot forbids
To wander thy green verge beſide, ſhalt thou
Remain unſung; while now the hoary Cam
Hard by me rolls his ſlowly-winding wave.

As where Apelles in accordance meet
Weds light to ſhade; and with Promethean art
Teaches the breathing canvas to expreſs
A furtive life; with wonder we behold

Unnumber'd

Unnumber'd beauties ruſh upon the ſight,
Gazing, while on the border of the lip
Stands mute Suſpence, yet doubtful which may firſt
Demand, which laſt, the tribute of applauſe:
Thus, Iſis, while for thee I ſtring the lyre,
The tongue of praiſe awhile forgets its purpoſe,
In magic wonder bound; nor knows the muſe,
Loſt in the pleaſing lab'rinth, where to bend
Her footſtep firſt.---Say, ſhall I firſt rehearſe,
How thou, a virgin yet, wert whilom wont
In Nereus' hall to join the feſtive dance
Thy ſiſter train among, the faireſt thou
Of all the Naiads, that with ſilver foot
Skim the ſmooth ſurface of the glaſſy deep?
Say, rather ſhall I ſing, how kingly Thame
(If holy bards in better ages born
Have ſtory'd true) to ſhare his wat'ry bed
Thee woo'd long loving? nor in proud diſdain

Didſt thou refuſe with kingly Thame to mix
Thy marriageable wave: to Neptune's court
Upon that great ſolemnity repair'd
The river gods: all, that from cryſtal urn
Enrich'ning moiſture pour o'er Britiſh plains.
There firſt advancing with imperial port
Proud Humber came; majeſtic as the god
Whoſe mighty trident ſhakes the trembling earth:
Next Severn, conſcious of Sabrina's fate,
The king of floods; in greeniſh mantle clad
Beſpangled here and there with coſtly gems
And many a gliſtering pearl: there too was ſeen
The Medway, and the hoarſe-reſounding Trent,
The pleaſant Medway, that with conſcious pride
Beholds the glorious race, who long of yore

Breathing

Line 44. Vid. the marriage of the Thames and Medway in Spenſer's Fairy queen.
50. Neptune.
51. Vid. Milton in Comus.
52. Fluviorum Rex Eridanus. Virgil.
57. The glorious race, ſcil. the men of Kent

Breathing ſtern-viſag'd valour ſcorn'd to ſtoop
The ſervile neck to William's galling yoke,
Unconquerable ſouls: the yellow Ouſe
There came, and Towy winding up and down
His watry folds, and Deva, held of old
A ſacred current; with the blue-rob'd Dove,
And Derwent, ſiſter ſtreams; and Avon fair,
The ſilver-ſandal'd nymph: whoſe bank along
At ſilent eve in penſive poſture ſtretch'd,
Calls raptur'd Fancy from Elyſian bower
Her darling Shakeſpear's ever-hallow'd ſhade.
There was the Tweed, the turret-creſted Tyne,
And Eden, famous ſtream; who hath not heard
Of Eden? there the plowman as he turns

Line 59. William the conqueror.
62. Milton ſpeaks of the river Dee or Deva, in this manner,
——Where Deva ſpreads it's wizard ſtream. Lycidas.
63. Blue-rob'd Dove, alluding to the bluiſh colour of its waters.
65, 66, 67, Shakeſpear was buried and has a monument erected to him at Stratford upon Avon.
71. &c. ——————Finibus illis
Agricola incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exeſa inveniet ſcabrâ rubigine pila;
Aut gravibus raſtris galeas pulſabit inanes,
Grandiaque effoſſis mirabitur oſſa ſepulcris. Virgil.

With crooked ſhare the bordering glebe, full oft
Gauntlets and ruſt-worn ſpears and vizor'd helms,
And pond'rous ſhields with quaint device pourtray'd,
And bones enormous of gigantic ſize
With gaping wonder ſees; then calls to mind
The well-known tale, how there by Britiſh knights
Was many a bold exploit and bloody fight
Atchiev'd of old.---But tedious 'twere to name
All that with one accord to Neptune's hall
Then came, when now the beauteous Iſis gave
To mix with royal Thame's uxorious flood
Her virgin ſtream. Nor on that ſolemn day
Was wanting (then with rural chaplet crown'd,
Tho' now adorn'd with many' a glittering tower)
Thou, father Cam: that oft with kind attention
Haſt deign'd awhile to liſten, as I tun'd
The ſimple madrigal; nor jealous he,
That now his windings intricate I trace

With

With muſing gait; and teach the mimic nymph,
All as ſhe ſits his flowery bank along,
To ſound the praiſes of a ſiſter flood.—
And can I ſing ought better, than thy praiſe,
O lovely Iſis? lovelier in the eye
Of Phœbus ſeen, than erſt the ſilver ſtream
Of fabled Caſtaly; and fam'd as that
Which flow'd Minerva's city faſt beſide,
Iliſſus, nurſe of each ingenuous art.

Shoud I rehearſe, or thoſe, whoſe bounty bad
The liquid mirrour of thy glaſſy wave
Yon towery manſions to reflect; or thoſe,
Thy darling progeny, who burn'd to graſp
Immortal fame, and with unwearied ſearch
Urg'd flying ſcience to its inmoſt maze;
Shou'd I their names rehearſe, the ſun, that now

Line 97. Minerva's city, ſcil. Athens.
——— Pallas, quas condidit, arces
Ipſa colat. Virgil.

His

His mattin beam wide ſcattering tips with gold
The ragged ſkirt of yonder orient cloud,
Wou'd drink the weſtern wave, or ever ceas'd
The lengthen'd ſong.—Theſe ſtructures Bodley plann'd;
Thoſe Sheldon's bounty rear'd; That beauteous dome
Bids grateful Iſis ſtill adore the ſhade
Of Radcliffe, honour'd name: him Pæan taught
(For he was lov'd of Pæan) to explore
The medicinal pow'r of juicy ſhrub
And healing plant, that o'er her verdant lap
With free profuſion parent Nature ſtrews:
Nor thankleſs he; for to the god he rear'd
In pious gratitude a ſtately fane.

Whence roſe yon fabric, that conſpicuous lifts
Its ſky-topt dome with more majeſtic pride?

'Twas

Line 110. Radcliffe's library.
119. Chriſt-church college.
The mitred ſage, the Biſhop of Briſtol, dean of the above cathedral at preſent.

'Twas Wolſey's glorious work: to Science riſe
No tow'rs more lov'd; for there the mitred ſage,
In wiſdom's lore deep ſkill'd, with kindeſt eye
Obſerves the budding genius, as it thruſts
Its youthful bloſſoms; or with conſcious joy
There oft in recollection ſweet beholds
Thoſe, (whom his honeſt nurture erſt inform'd
With all that's deem'd or excellent or fair)
O'er Britain's peaceful land their goodly beams
Diſpenſe abroad: names, that to lateſt time
Shall ſhine diſtinguiſh'd in the rolls of Fame.

Oft, as thou ſat'ſt within thy pearl-pav'd grot,
With pleas'd attention, Iſis, haſt thou caught
The dulcet ſounds, when in yon ſacred grove,
To Phœbus ſacred, woo'd the Latian Muſe
Sweet Addiſon: who like the ſedulous bee
Rifled each honey-boſom'd flow'r, that edg'd

The fount of Helicon.—Why loves to bend
His lonely ſtep to yonder aged oak,
Deep-muſing, while bright Cynthia ſilvers o'er
The negro forehead of uncomely Night,
Th' enraptur'd Bard? and on the dew-ſprent turf
His temples pillowing, ſees before him dance
(Or dreams he ſees) the Muſes nine, and glows
With inſpiration ſtrange? there Fame records
Cuſtom'd the merry Chaucer erſt to frame
His laughter-moving tale: nor, when his harp
He tun'd to notes of louder pitch, and ſung
Of ladies paſſing fair, and bloody jouſts,
And warrior ſteeds, and valour-breathing knights
For matchleſs proweſs fam'd, deſerv'd he not
The laureat wreath; for he, like Phœbus, knew
To build in numbers apt the lofty ſong.—

" Whence

Line 144. Aut videt aut vidiſſe putat.— Virgil.

" Whence art thou, gracious Preſence? art thou ſent
" From heav'n, an angel miniſter, to bleſs
" Theſe favour'd ſeats? for that excelling form
" Beſpeaks thee more than man;" in wonder wrapt
Thus Iſis cry'd, while on her margent green
In youthful grace how amiable! ſtood
Britannia's riſing hope. With ſteadfaſt eye
Long time ſhe gaz'd unſatisfied, and mark'd
Each godlike thought, that imag'd on his look
With ſtrong reflection ſhone, th' undoubted pledge
Of future deeds: tho' yet was Creſſy's plain
Unſtain'd with ſlaughter: nor had Gallia's king
His ravag'd crown yet mourn'd; nor deem'd, that ſoon
Wou'd dawn the luckleſs day, when he muſt drag
The galling bond of ſore captivity,

Line 160. Edward the Black Prince.
165. John, king of France, taken priſoner by Edward the Black Prince.
167,&c. Alluding to the manner of a Roman triumph.

The gaze of cluſt'ring multitudes, and deck
The glorious triumph of a Britiſh boy.——

Nor, while yon fair aſpiring domes adorn
Thy verge, O Iſis, ſhall unmention'd paſs
Alfred, auſpicious name: ſay, goddeſs, ſay,
Burſts not thy breaſt with ſwelling raptures fraught,
While Mem'ry with her forgeful pencil paints
The glorious portrait? on the godlike form
Advanc'd, not graceful leſs, than on the top
Of Delian Cynthus, ſteps Latona's ſon,
In mildeſt majeſty: beſide him went,
As muſing deep, an hoary-headed ſage,
Of wond'rous rev'rence: on his broad ſmooth front
Had Wiſdom ſtampt its fair ſimilitude.
The laurel grac'd his temples: in his hand

Line 177, &c. Qualis ubi hybernam Lyciam Xanthique fluenta
Deſerit, ac Delum maternam inviſit Apollo, &c.
Ipſe jugis Cynthi graditur, &c.——
——Haud illo ſegnior ibat
Æneas.—— Virgil.

A golden harp, Apollo's gift, he bore;
And oft with cunning finger was he wont
To rove along the ſounding ſtrings, and lift
The raviſh'd ſoul of ſtatue-fixt Attention
To th' heav'n of rapture—O how ſweet thy charms,
All-pow'rful Harmony! in years indeed
Advanc'd he ſeem'd; yet on the cheek of age
Hale vigour with unfading freſhneſs bloom'd;
Upright he ſtept in ſtately mein, and breath'd
Amiable dignity: ſuch ſeem'd of yore
The ſire of Jove, what time on Latian plains
He dwelt with Janus, hoſpitable king.
Well knew, what was, what is, what is to come,
The rev'rend ſage; and wiſely cou'd he treat
Of juſtice, truth, and univerſal love

Line 189,190. ———Yet on the cheek of age, &c.
Jam ſenior, ſed cruda deo viridiſque ſenectus. Virgil.
Saturn, who fled from his ſon Jupiter into Italy;
———Ab æthereo venit Saturnus olympo,
Arma Jovis fugiens, et regnis exul ademptis. Virgil.

From man to man; and mark the limits, when,
Virtue is virtue; when, it's mad exceſs
Strays headlong into vice: he too cou'd tell
How moves the planet in harmonious dance
It's central ſun around; whence Iris ſteals
The bright variety of hues, that fringe
Her humid bow; how ſprings of night and day
The due viciſſitude; why o'er the earth
Circling the year with grateful interchange
The wand'ring ſeaſons roll: of higher things
Nor knew not he; for of th' ætherial mind,
That beams to-day, to-morrow, and for ever,
An unextinguiſh'd ſpark; of nature's laws;
And nature's God full well cou'd he diſcourſe.

Him gracious heav'n in pity to mankind
Sent from it's ſtar-pav'd court (ſo ſung beneath
His ivy'd oak of yore the druid ſage)

And nam'd him, SCIENCE: firſt on Aſian clime
He ſettled, there where proud Euphrates rolls
Amid Chaldæan plains, or on the bank
Of Pharian Nile; there he his favourite ſeat
Long chooſing, ſoften'd with refinements meet
The ſavage genius of mankind, and taught
With awful laws to curb licentious guilt,
To build the wall-girt city, and to frame
The peaceful league of bleſt ſociety
With all the ſweet civilities of life.

Him Greece from thence with open arms embrac'd
A welcome gueſt: but chief he lov'd to haunt
The porch of Academe; where mildly beam'd
The modeſt wiſdom of good Socrates;
Where wont the honey'd eloquence to flow

From

Line 230. Alluding to the fable of the bees ſettling on the lips of Plato; which was look'd on as an omen of the ſweetneſs of his diction.

From Plato's ſweet-diſtilling lip; and where
The letter'd Stagyrite from nature's ſource
His maxims drew. Nor on Auſonian coaſt
Was Science honour'd leſs; ſince there had come
The Samian ſage, who ſmit with love of knowledge
O'er many' a diſtant realm had ſtretch'd his ſearch,
And climates warm'd beneath another ſun.

At length when now in more degenerate times
Had exile Freedom loath'd th' Heſperian ſhore,
With crooked keel did heav'n-born Science plow
The ſwelling back of Ocean, till he gain'd
Neptunian Albion's hoſpitable beech;
The nurſe of Liberty; for ill, I ween,
Can Learning thrive, if Freedom ſhall deny
To cheriſh with mild ray the riſing flow'r:

To

Line 232. Ariſtotle, who was born at Stagyra.
235. The Samian Sage, Pythagoras born at Samos.

To Albion iſle he came, what time was ſheath'd
The ſword of war; and Alfred's arm had cruſh'd
The might of Paynim foes: the gracious king
With gladneſs hail'd his venerable gueſt;
And led him forth, where thro' the flowery meads
The ſilver Iſis winds her liquid maze.
When thus the royal goodneſs ſpake benign:
" Here deign, O heav'n-deſcended ſage, to fix
" Thy fav'rite manſion; here to lateſt times
" Inſtruct thy ſons (nor think that Britons bear
" Such ſavage-hearted natures, but will melt
" In ſoft humanity) thy ſecret ſtores
" To pierce with curious diligence, and ſnatch
" Each fair perfection, each excelling art,
" And all, that profits or delights mankind;
" Here (as, reclineing on the peaceful lap

" Of

Line 255. Nor think, &c.
Non obtuſa adeò geſtamus pectora pæni. Virgil.

" Of Leiſure not inglorious, they delight
" To muſe in calm Retirement's lonely haunt,
" Inſtruct them to purſue th' unerring print
" Of Wiſdom's ſtep; or with no lowly flight,
" High borne on Contemplation's eagle wing,
" To riſe from nature up to nature's God.
" How happy they! whom thou ſhalt give to tread
" The pleaſant paths of knowledge, and to weave
" The laurel chaplet for their honour'd brows!"
He ceas'd, with look mild as when Phœbus ſheds
His ſoft effulgence on autumnal eve.
The laurel'd ſeer in thankful guiſe bow'd low
His hoary rev'rence: " With peculiar love
" Sure heav'n then looks (he cry'd) on mortals down,
" When kings, like Alfred, riſe; whoſe patriot ſouls
" Still center in a nation's good; who live
" By glorious works to make their country great:

" Such

" Such well deſerve to rule: ſuch heav'n beholds
" Well-pleas'd; nor grudges, that to them it gave
" It's high vicegerency.——In future time
" Some one mayhap, the whilſt he ſhall behold
" With conſcious pride, how far his native land
" Tranſcends, whatever vaunts hiſtoric fame
" Of poliſh'd Athens, and imperial Rome
" The ſeat of demigods, in holy rapture
" Shall bleſs the name of Alfred; and relate,
" That he, ſtill anxious for his Britain's weal,
" Led Science there where thro' the flow'ry meads
" Her liquid maze the ſilver Iſis winds——
" Nor ſhalt thou, hoſpitable flood, where now
" I ſtay my wand'ring feet, a ſtranger gueſt,
" Unhonour'd flow: for on thy graſſy brim
" Full oft ſhalt thou in ſilent joy behold,
" Bards, that ſhall know to bind the captiv'd ſoul
" With energy of ſong; and ſages wiſe,

Line 279. Vid. The ſpeech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in Homer.

" As whilom mus'd th' Athenian ſtream beſide;
" And ſtateſmen, patriot ſouls, with merit fraught
" And virtue more than Roman.---Here ſhall riſe
" My beſt-lov'd progeny, that ſhall explore
" (Of heav'n how highly favour'd!) what till then
" Stagger'd the pedant's pride, and ſlipt the graſp
" Of baffled ſophiſt: he with Truth's bright ray
" The ten-fold gloom, which dark'ning logic ſpread,
" Shall pierce; and, like the golden-footed morn,
" Scatter abroad the chearing beam of light.---

" Theſe are the glories, that with influence ſweet
" Shall gild thy ſhores, bleſt Iſis: theſe are they,
" With homage due that each revolving year
" Shall viſit Alfred's hallow'd ſhrine, and bring
" The pledge of gratitude and filial love.

Line 300, &c. Mr. Locke, who was of Chriſt-church college.

FINIS.

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